Emelie Hall

The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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For the Myrtle.

Robin Redbreast's Call.

PEEP ! peep ! peep !
Here ! here ! here !
I am Robin Redbreast.
Don't you see how near?
Close beside your window,
On this Appletree,
Open wide your sleepy eyes
And take a look at me.

Peep ! peep ! peep !
Here ! here ! here !
Listen to our morning hymn
Sounding loud and cheer ;
Trees and grass in beauty gleam,
Gemmed with sparkling dew ;
All the world is wide awake,
All the world but you.

Peep ! peep ! peep !
Here ! here ! here !
My four babies are up and dressed
Every little dear !
In the brook they've had a bath,
To the brook I go ;
Wouldn't have a sleepy head,
In *my* house I know. *H. H. D.*

When I was 'Ittle

Two little children, one summer day,
Were passing the day in happy play.

One, a dear little maid, was four years old ;
Her lips were r by, her hair was gold.

Her frolicsome playmate was only three,
And her hair and eyes were as brown as could be.

All, for a time, went happy and well,
But at last little Gold-hair tipped and fell.

The great tears gathered in each blue eye,
But Brown-eye said, "'Oo never mus' cwy."

"It hurts, but 'oo never mus' mind at all :
Why, when *I* was 'ittle *I* used to fall."

Eudora May Stone.

For the Myrtle.

Celebrating the Fourth of July.

CHAPTER I.

"I AM going to the village with father this afternoon," said Henry Macomber to his brother Peter. "Do you wish to send for anything ?"

"Oh yes. I want you to buy me some fire crackers for Fourth of July."

"But it is against the law, to have fire crackers now."

"How do you know it is against the law ?"

"Mr. Young, our schoolmaster told me that it was."

"Do you believe lt ?"

"Why yes. Of course I believe it. Mr. Young never did tell me a falsehood, and I don't know why I should think that he has begun now."

"When did he tell you so ?"

"Not long ago. One day when we were talking about the coming Fourth of July."

"Why what possible reason could men have, for making such a law. Do you think they were afraid that boys would take too much comfort ?"

"Oh no. That was not the reason that the law was made."

"What then could it have been ? I'm sure we didn't do the grown people any harm with our fire crackers. They might have let our sport alone."

"There's where you are mistaken. Fire crackers *have* done a great deal of harm."

"How ?"

"By setting fire to buildings."

"I never heard of any buildings being burned by fire crackers, and I can hardly believe that there ever were any."

"You are in an unbelieving mood to-day, Peter."

"I can't help it. Did you ever hear of fires from fire crackers?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Only a few years ago, there was a very large fire in Portland, Maine, which destroyed a vast amount of property, burning up nearly the whole city, and this fire took from a boy's carelessness with fire crackers."

"I wonder who knew that?"

"That was what was said at the time, and I have no reason to doubt it."

"Well I should doubt it. Uuless I saw somebody that was there, and saw the boy and the fire-cracker, and more than this; saw the boy *throw* the fire-cracker, and saw the city burn from the fire then and there lighted. I would not believe it."

"Why do you doubt it?"

"Because people are always laying things to boys. When ever any thing goes wrong, and they don't know what else to say, they will always say—a boy did it."

"Well; I guess boys *do* sometimes do mischief. Don't you know they do?"

"They may some times. But I don't think they are *always* doing mischief."

"No. Nor are people *always* accusing them."

"Well they are *nearly* always. There is never anything goes wrong about this farm, from a cow's dying, to the turkey's failing to hatch her eggs, that somebody don't say, 'The boys did it.'"

"Oh not quite so bad as that, Peter.

"Yes it is just as bad as that. I don't tell the story one bit bigger than it is. It was only last week that this very thing happened. The turkey took it into her head to come off her nest, hatching only two of the eggs, and I heard mother say, that "she guessed the boys had frightened her so that she had stayed away longer than she ought to have done sometimes from the eggs."

"Well did you never frighten her?"

"No. Never on purpose. I may have gone near the nest, sometimes when I went to see if there was anything in my traps. I never said anything to the turkey to frighten her."

"I suppose mother didn't say that we had intentionally frightened the turkey away from her nest. But the result was quite the same, whether we kept her away from the nest by design, or accident."

"I don't think for my part that we kept her away at all. What business had the turkey to stay away from her nest, because we boys went up there once in a while to see about our traps? For my part I think the blame might just as well have been laid on the turkey, as on the boys."

"But there is not as much to be expected of turkeys as of human beings.

"We ought to have known better,—they say —than to have set our traps where we should have to keep tramping by the nest to get to them. I would not do so again."

"Well! I, for my part, don't believe that we had anything to do with the turkey's not hatching her eggs. She was a depraved turkey and that's all there is about it."

"I think we had better learn a lesson from the wrong done, and try not to do it again.

"Wouldn't that be better, than to feel vexed about it, and try to throw the blame on something else?"

"I don't know that I think it would. I would as soon blame a turkey as myself, when it seems that she intended harm as much as I did. If we let grown people blame us for everything that happens, and never be any end to our troubles."

"You and I Peter have not much to complain of, for our parents are very indulgent and kind to us. They try to make us happy, and I don't think they ever accuse us of wrong-doing unless they are pretty sure that we are guilty."

"I don't know that we *have* much to complain of, and I for one don't *mean to have*. And so I shall defend myself, whenever I feel that I am wronged."

"Be sure that you don't wrong others in doing so."

"If the others, be only a turkey, I don't think it will make much difference."

"Oh, yes it will Peter."

"How can it? Then turkey will never know it. I don't see how she can be hurt, when she doesn't so much as know that anything has happened to her."

"That is not a safe rule to follow."

"Why not?"

"Because it would harm *us*, if it didn't the turkey. It seems to me that nothing is much

meaner than wronging any person, or thing, that is weaker than ourselves, and has no chance to defend itself."

"Yes *really* wronging them would be mean. But I claim that if they don't know it, they are not wronged."

"But *we* should know it; and that, if we had any honorable feeling left, ought to be enough to make us avoid doing it."

"Why need we be so sensitive about every little thing?"

"There is no danger of our consciences being too sensitive. I for one wish to be able to hold up my head in this world, as only one can, who has a feeling of innocence. I don't want to be shame faced before a turkey, because I have wronged her."

"Neither do I. I like to feel right, and be able to hold my head up, as well as you do."

"The only way to *feel* well, is to *act* well. You can never have the feeling in any other way."

"Oh! here comes Uncle Daniel. I will ask him ahout the fire-crackers."

As Uncle Daniel is driving very leisurely along, he is not disturbed by Peter's calling to him.

"Oh please, Uncle Daniel, stop one minute, I want to ask you something."

The rains are quickly drawn, and Uncle Daniel's horse stands looking at the boys as much as to say.

"What is it?"

The master of the horse asks the same question, and Peter answered, by asking.

"Would it be wrong for us boys to get some fire-crackers with which to celebrate the Fourth?"

"No! I think not," said Uucle Daniel. "I believe there is a law against it now, because there was thought to be so much danger from fire in the towns and cities. But I guess here in the country there would be no danger. You wouldn't set these wheat fields on fire, would you Peter?"

"No sir. I am so glad you came along, for Henry is going to town this afternoon and now the matter is settled, and he will get the crackers.

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

"THOUGH it may not be in your power," said Marcus Aurelius, "to be a naturalist, a poet, an orator, or a mathematician, it is in your power to be a virtuous man, which is the best of all.

The Transplanted Lily.

Donald the gardener, was transplanting lilies. They had grown so thick in their bed that the delicate spray of pure white blossoms could hardly be seen amid the broad green leaves. So the gardener had made a new bed for them in a cool, half-shaded place, such as the modest lilies of the valley love the best, and now he was carefully taking a part of them to their new home.

Little May was watching him with great interest and following him from one place to another, chattering in her sweet lisping way of this and that.

"Why do you move the sweet lilies, Donald?" asked she.

"That they may grow better," answered the gardener, and, as he looked down at the little girl to answer her, she saw that tears were in his eyes.

"What makes you cry, Donald?" asked she; "is the sun in your eyes?"

"No, dear," said he. "I was thinking of a sweet lily of mine that was transplanted long ago."

"Was it put into a better place?" asked the child.

"Oh, yes," answered the gardener, "a far better place. It was carried to a garden where it would have the best of care; where the fierce sun would never wither it; where the storms would never beat upon its tender form, where nothing that could hurt or destroy it, could ever enter within the gates."

"How nice!" said little May; "how glad you must be that your lovely lily is safe!"

"So I am glad!" answered the gardener.

"Then why did the tears come?" asked the child.

"Because, my little one," said he, "I miss my sweet lily so much,—my home is sad and desolate without it."

"But shall you not see it again sometime?" asked little May.

"If it pleases God," said the gardener, reverently baring his head and looking up. "My lily is blooming for me in heaven."

Little Star.

A PREACHER once said: "If you know anything that will make a brother's heart glad, run quick and tell it; but if it is something that will cause a sigh, bottle it up—bottle it up."

For the Myrtle.

High Tide.

TWO little maids from the inland hills,
Making friends with the sea,
Wandered far on the slippery rocks,
Happy as maids could be.

Busy with pebbles and shells and weeds,
Laughing at wind and spray,
Little they recked that the washing waves,
Were stealing the land away.

Swelling, swelling up to their feet,
Slipping along the sand,—
Sudden, amazed, they sprang and looked,
They were far away from land.

Far away on an island of rocks,
While the billows rolled between,—
The path they had come an hour ago,
Was as if it never had been.

They clung together in strange affright,
As they helpless, hopeless stood,
"O sister," the younger cried at last,
"I know it's another flood."

The world is going to drown again,—
We shall never get to shore."
And the feeble sobs of the childish voice
Were drowned in the surges roar.

Then the elder stilled her own strange fear,
To soothe her sister's woe,
"If the world were going to drown again,
There'd be an ark, you know."

And the ark was seen! for a sailor bold,
Mending his net on the beach,
Bore off and landed the hapless maids,
Far out of the billows' reach.

There was joy for sorrow, and mirth for fear,
And the little maids learned full soon,
How the flood was a matter of every day
That followed the rolling moon.

But they learned a lesson of comfort sweet,
For many a later woe,—
"If the world was going to drown again,
There'd be an ark, you know."

———o-O-o———

A Child's Faith.

One night, when bed-time came, little curly-headed Sam missed his dog.

Inquiry was made; and it was ascertained that he had been absent for several hours, and it was feared that some unprincipled persons had carried him away.

With a sad heart little Sam said "Good night" to father and mother, and, with his brothers, went to rest.

After having on bended knee said "Our father" and "Now I lay me," he still remained in the same posture, and soon startled the elder brothers by breaking out in earnestly pathetic voice, "O God! willest thou send my dog Trip home? Amen."

Sweet sleep came to the little play-wearied child; and morning found him refreshed, and his bright eyes open early to greet the coming sunshine.

Rising betimes, and opening the yard-door, his lost dog comes bounding in, now capers about him, and now fawns upon him with many demonstrations of joy.

But not more happy was "dog Trip" than was his little master, who, quietly coaxing him into a corner with supper and breakfast all in one, was heard telling him very confidentially.—

"I thought, doggie, you would be at home in the morning; because, Trip, I said my prayers for you last night." *Well-Spring.*

He learns much who studies other men; he also learns more who studies himself.

For the Myrtle.

Give the Dog Some.

"NECESSITY is the mother of invention." That is an old proverb, and it grew up out of experience just as the inventions themselves do.

Take for instance the desire for a drink of cold water, that all have felt. Think of all the wells and aqueducts which that necessity has caused to be invented and built!

In the country each dwelling can have its well or its living spring; and even along the highway, the brooks by the wayside can easily be turned to account for the refreshment of man and beast. But in the crowded city with its solid pavements, water must be brought from afar, and a fountain opened in every house, and out in the dusty street instead of the simple pump that answers in the village, a fountain must be opened from the great aqueduct below.

At first these wayside fountains had a single basin. Into it the water, poured from some fantastic carved device,—a lion's or a gorgon's head, perhaps,—and quaint drinking-cups, with heavy chains were ready to the hand. Here the thirsty passer-by might pause to drink; and even the little child, heated from play, would generally find some kindly hand to dip him a draught from the basin high above his head. But the "society for the prevention of cruelty to animals" had not yet been formed, and man had only thought of himself. The stupid drivers carried their bucket along on the wagon, and watered their horses at regular intervals of hours, without regard to their desire for drink; and the dogs went by under the fountains with their lolling tongues and no one thought of them. Only the little birds to whom God himself had given "the freedom of the city" could drink their fill with no help of man, and twitter their defiance at him while they bathed their wings in the fountains he could not keep wholly sacred to his selfishness, or thoughtlessness.

It was thoughtlessness, after all, and only needed one kind thought to set it right. A workman, with his basket of tools on his shoulder and his dog trotting by his side, came along one day where such a fountain was set in the wall. Tired and dusty, he paused for a drink. As he drank, drops of water trickled from the cup and the dog held out his tongue and caught them. Some little lads were drinking, too, and as one little fellow, with a boy's warm-hearted love for a dog saw the little animal's thirst, he cried out, "Give the dog some! He wants some, too." The boys were going to hold their cup down for the dog to drink, but the workman told them it was hardly the thing to allow a dog to do that, and he found a hollow place in the pavement and poured it full of water for the dog to drink. How the dog brightened up, and shook himself from the dust, and capered around the boys and his master, to pay for that refreshing draught!

The workman thought of it as he passed along. He thought of it for many days, and at last he drew out a rough sketch of a fountain with a little basin for dogs to drink from. Then as he studied the matter and watched the passing teams, he added another, larger basin, for horses. At length he carried his sketch to a great manufacturer, and together they obtained a patent on this new invention. It was advertised far and near, and whenever a new drinking fountain was to be made, one needed only to look at this to see that it was the fountain to have. So in every city now we find the patent drinking fountain with three basins, and men and children and horses and dogs quench their thirst from its triple streams.

The workman's fortune was made by his happy thought, but that was not the best of it; for who shall estimate the good done and the suffering prevented? And the invention was not his after all. It came really from the kind heart of the little boy who said, "Give the dog some, too." *H. A. B.*

Little Feet.

In castle halls, or cottage homes,
Wherever guileless childhood roams,
Oh, there is nothing half so sweet
As busy tread of little feet

The sighing breeze, the ocean's roar,
The purling rill, the organ's power,
All stir the soul, but none so deep
As tiny tread of little feet.

When forth we go at early morn,
To meet the world and brave its scorn,
Adown the garden walk so neat,
We see the prints of little feet.

At eve, when homeward we repair,
With aching limbs and brow of care,
The voices ring out clear and sweet—
Then comes the rush of little feet.

The knives are lost, the dishes stray,
The tools are spirited away,
And when we go the lost to seek,
We take the trail of little feet.

But when the angel death hath come,
And called the flow'rets from our home,
Oppressive silence reigns complete;
We miss the sound of little feet

Then tools are safe, no dishes stray,
No doors go slamming all the day;
But oh! 'twould give us pleasure sweet,
To hear again those noisy feet.

Soft night hath come; all are asleep,
Yes, all but me. I vigil keep.
Hush! hush! my heart, and ceases to beat—
Was that the step of little feet?

Yes, mother, 'tis the softened tread
Of him you miss and mourn as dead,
And often, in your sweetest sleep,
You'll dream of hearing little feet.

And when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And you approach that blisstul shore,
The first to run, your soul to greet,
Will be your darling's little feet.

Children's Sunday.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—Children's Sunday was observed at the church of the Mediator (Rev. Mr. Rugg) in Providence. The floral decorations were elaborate beyond precedent. The platform, pulpit and recess at the front of the auditorium seemed a perfect bower of flowers and evergreens. Five gothic arches wrought in evergreen extended from one side of the altar to the other. On the top of the central and largest arch was a white dove, while the pulpit occupied the centre. Immediately over the pulpit, suspended from the ceiling, hung a circle of green ten or twelve feet in diameter, upon the face of which, in large silver letters, were the words, "Jesus the Good Shepherd." Festoons of evergreen also hung from the ceiling over the circle and arches. Concentric rings of white and red roses surrounding a cross of white, graced the pulpit chair, while on the front of the pulpit and above the font was a pure white star. Beautiful flowers and rare plants were tastefully disposed in various parts of the church, producing a graceful and pleasing effect. The baptismal font placed directly in front of the pulpit, was completely hidden by evergreens, while baskets and beds of exquisite flowers covered the whole front of the altar. The baptismal rite was administered to eighteen children; and sixteen adults were received into the church, most of whom it is encouraging to note were from the Bible Class and Sunday School. Addresses were made by the pastor, superintendent, and by H. B. Metcalf. The School now numbers very near four hundred.

—Children's Sunday was observed in Beverly the 22nd. The church was profusely decorated with flowers of various beautiful forms and devices, running vines all over the church, evergreen, etc. The morning was devoted to the Anniversary of the Sunday School, which consisted of singing and speaking by the school, and addresses by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Emery, and by Rev. Mr. Jackson of the Methodist Church. The school numbers 240; average attendance 150. The school has raised and expended $450 during the year. In the afternoon the pastor preached to the children; after which eighteen children were dedicated by baptism. Rev. G. J. Sanger of Danvers, was present and baptized an infant son of the pastor. In the evening a praise meeting in the church was enthusiastically enjoyed. The attendance all day was large—double the number came that the house could hold!

CONNECTICUT.

—Children's Sunday was observed in Norwich. The floral display was larger than on any former occasion in this church, and the arrangement of crosses, wreaths, baskets, bouquets, pyramids, etc., showed exquisite taste. Fourteen children, from one to ten years old, were consecrated, and this part of the service was very beautiful and impressive. The pastor, the Rev. Mr. Twiss, took for the subject of his address the duty of parents and children to each other; and the attention paid by the large audience showed that his words carried conviction. The choir sang "Consider the Lilies" with remarkably fine effect; and the members of the Sunday School participated in the musical exercises, fully sustaining their reputation for excellent singing.

—The Church of the Redeemer, Hartford, Rev. Mr. Skinner's, was more beautifully decorated than ever before, and eighteen children were presented by their parents for baptism. The occasion is represented to have been one of great interest. The large church was filled to overflowing.

—In Middletown, too, the day was made very beautiful and solemn by the services in Rev. Mr. Fay's Church the floral decorations and the offering of young children to the Services of the Lord by the rite of baptism.

INDIANA.

—Children's Sunday passed off very finely at Muncie, the Church being adorned with flowers, speaking and singing by the Sunday School, and best of all, some twenty-five members of the Sunday School receiving the rite of baptism at the hand of the pastor, Rev. J. J. Austin, several of them uniting with the church. The house was full, and the Muncie papers speak of the occasion as a complete success.

—Children's Sunday was observed in Lafayette, June 8th. The Church was made beautiful with flowers and evergreens. A large congregation was present at the services. Rev. T. S. Guthrie, the pastor, delivered an interesting address, and then dedicated ten children. In the evening a concert was given, concerning which Bro. George Rogers says: "We never had a better entertainment than that of 'Rose Sunday Evening.' Our children are very near perfect in getting up an exhibition." One of the city papers speaks in high terms of the exercises, and emphasizes the "proficiency in music shown by the children."

ILLINOIS.

—Rev. E. L. Rexford writes the *Star:* We have just had our Children's Services at Columbus, and both old and young have enjoyed it exceedingly. The pulpit was profusely decorated with flowers and vines, and presented a much more inviting appearance than when ornamented by the pastor in the ordinary service. The children, of course, were out in full force, and they, together with the adults present, filled the Church. The introductory services were those common to the Sunday School sessions each Sabbath. A brief address from the pastor followed, after which thirty children were baptized, each receiving a boquet of beautiful white flowers on returning from the altar. Our services were saddened by the absence of one of our dearest little members—May Flowers—who was with us on last Sabbath, but who died on Tuesday last. It has been our first "Children's Sabbath," but we have enjoyed it so much that it will not be our last.

—A special service was held at Goshen on the 4th Sunday in June, devoted to the young people of the Church. The day was beautiful and flowers abundant. Seven children were dedicated, and seven young ladies received the rite of baptism. Two members were added to the Church. It was a season of deep interest, rejoicing the heart of pastor and people.

—Sunday, June 18, was the second anniversary of the dedication of our Church in Urbana, and it was this year, as last, set apart as Children's Sunday. It was to all a day of joy. The Church was decorated handsomely. At the morning service nineteen children were consecrated to the Church by baptism, after which sixteen adults were received into fellowship. Remarks were made by the superintendent and pastor. In the evening the school gave a "short and sweet concert," which was listened to by a large and appreciative congregation.

—Rev. H. B. Smith has become the pastor of our Church in Peoria, which he has been supplying for some time. Children's Sunday was observed June 15th, at which time several children were dedicated.

—Our Sunday School in Mt. Pulaski is just one year and a month old, and now numbers one hundred and sixty scholars. Children's Sunday was observed for the first time, June 8th, and a happy time was enjoyed. Rev. Mr. Ashton is pastor.

We are indebted to the denominatial papers generally, for items of interest in regard to Children's Sunday.

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XIX.—BARTHOLOMEW AND NATHANIEL.

Question.— Which of the apostles is mentioned next after Philip?

Answer.— Matt. x. 3.

NOTE. St. John does not mention Bartholomew in his gospel, but mentions Nathaniel as an apostle. On the other hand, Matthew, Mark and Luke do not mention Nathaniel, but they all mention Bartholomew as among the twelve. Therefore it has been conjectured that Bartholomew and Nathaniel are the same person. The one to whom these two names are applied, probably had two names like Peter, who was called Simon Barjona, i. e., Simon the son of Jonas. In the same way Nathaniel may have been also called Bartholomew which signifies son of Talmai. In this lesson they will be considered as one and the same person.

Q.— What did Philip do before he obeyed Christ's call to follow him?

A.— John i. 45.

Q.— How did Nathaniel receive Philip's statement?

A.— John i. 46.

Q.— What did Philip ask him to do that he might be convinced?

A.— John i. 46.

Q.— When Nathaniel approached Jesus, what did Jesus say?

A.— John i. 47.

Q.— When Nathaniel asked Jesus how he knew him, what did Jesus reply?

A.— John i. 48.

Q.— What effect did these words of Jesus have upon him?

A.— John i. 49.

Q.— As Nathaniel believed Jesus to be the Christ from these events, what did Jesus promise him?

A.— John i. 51.

Q.— What did Nathaniel do after the crucifixion of Christ?

A.— John xxi. 2-3.

Q.— What miracle did he witness at that time?

A.— John xxi. 5-6.

Q.— Of what was he convinced?

A.— John xxi. 12.

Enigma. No. 1.

I am composed of 93 letters.

My 22, 5, 47, 87, 41, 60, 13, 54, 51, 68 is what I hope we all shall love.

My 4, 46, 21, 52, 40 is what we should not do.

My 70, 11, 34, 30, 59, 88, 14, 28, 48, 75, 62 had riches and honor in abundance.

My 15, 25, 30, 84, 35, 8 was mother of Rehoboam.

My 3, 40, 67, 91, 10 was a very fat man.

My 65, 78, 93, 56 was a son of Adam.

My 42, 76, 40, 8, 37, 71, 44, 1, 55, 39, 66, 91, 26, 43 sat under the oak.

My 72, 82, 64, 38, 5, 78, 69, 76, 45, 38 was the name of a man whose spear weighed three hundred shekels.

My 28, 2, 23, 67, 5, 92, 17, 72, 15, 56, 81 pitched at the valley of Rephaim.

My 86, 34, 74, 38, 85 had his head cut off.

My 70, 19, 33, 63, 32 made seven of his sons to pass before Samuel.

My 23, 12, 20, 42, 41, 88, 51, 90 was a son of Jacob.

My 72, 7, 16, 88 was the grandfather of Zechariah.

My 24, 5, 50, 80, 54, 64, 27 was the grandson of Lois.

My 75, 53, 38, 49, 58, 29 was the son of Ishmael.

My 9, 42, 5, 52 is now falling.

My 6, 21, 61, 77 we should love.

My 25, 73, 89, 79, 53, 42, 50, 30 was a field of blood.

My whole is a prophecy of Isaiah.

Little Star.

Enigma No. 2.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 13, 3, 7 is what every one does.

My 1, 9, 17, 18, 8, 2 is fickle.

My 14, 16, 6, 10 is a part of the body.

My 11, 16, 4, 5 is rent.

My 12, and 15 are semivowels.

My whole is one of Christ's sayings.

Young Pilgrim.

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